There, I do not know how you call him, but by Iesus I think
He is as valient a man as *Marke Anthonie*, he doth maintain
the bridge most gallantly: yet he is a man of no reckoning:
But I did see him do gallant seruice.

Gouer. How do you call him?

Flew. His name is ancient *Pistoll.*

Gouer. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Pistoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to do me fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

Flew. I, and I praise God I haue merrited some loue at (his hands.

Pist. *Bardolfe* a souldier, one of buxsome valour,
Hath by furious fate
And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That Godes blinde that stands vpon the rowling restlesse (stone.

Flew. By your patience ancient *Pistoll,*
Fortune, looke you is painted,
Plind with a mufler before her eyes,
To signifie to you, that Fortune is plind:
And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation, and mutabilities:
And her fate is fixed at a sphericall stone
Which roules, and roules, and roules:
Surely the Poet is make an excellet descriptiō of Fortune,
Fortune looke you is and excellent morall.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath stolne a packs, and hanged must he be:
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,
Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop.

But

But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,
For packs of pettie price:
Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
And let not *Bardolfes* vitall threed be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flew. Captain *Pistoll*, I partly vnderstand your mea

Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flew. Certainly Antient *Pistol*, tis not a thing to reioy
For if he were my owne brother, I would wish the Du
To do his pleasure, and put him to executions: for look
Disciplines ought to be kept, they ought to be kept.

Pist. Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendsh

Flew. That is good.

Pist. The figge of *Spaine* within thy lawe.

Flew. That is very well.

Pist. I say the fig within thy bowels and thy durty

Exit Pist

Fle. Captain *Gour*, cannot you hear it lighten & thu

Gour. Why is this the Ancient you told me of?
I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flew. By Iesus he is vtter as praue words vpon the
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day, but its all
What he hath sed to me, looke you, is all one.

Go. Why this is a gu'l, a foole, a rogue that goes to th
Onely to grace himselfe at his returne to London:
And such fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great Commaunders names.
They will learne by rote where seruices were done,
At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,
At such a conuoy: who came off brauely, who wa
Who disgraced, what termes the enemie stood on.
And this they con perfectly in phrase of warre,
Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, & what
Of the Generalls cut, and a horid shout of the campe